

RESTORATION



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No. 8.

Reason Fell Asleep And Awoke Matured

By Catherine de Hueck

Reason came to dwell on earth with the creation of Man. There was about her then a beauty and a grace that was a joy to behold. But something strange happened to her after Man was sent out of Paradise to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow.

Her childlike simplicity slowly became complex. Her gracious transparency became clouded. Her submissiveness disappeared and she began to assert herself in many strange ways, preening herself, giving herself airs she never had before.

Reason Takes Charge

Easily, and somewhat haughtily, she guided man's footsteps, and advised and directed him and his doings.

As centuries blended with centuries, Reason beheld the works of her hands, found them good, and grew more and more proud of herself. In fact she began to consider herself "the heart of the matter." When men worshipped her as if she were a god in her own right, and began to erect temples to her, and to honor especially such among themselves as she seemed to have favored, she took these marks of respect, adulation, and worship as her due.

Time seemed to add stature to Reason. Austere, cold, ascetic-looking, Reason walked with measured, slow, majestic tread. Always unhurried. Always full of her own importance. As royalty walks at some official procession. Once in a while, through the endless years, she paused and held court. Now here. Now there. Her throne was of green jade which offset her sombre flowing garments to perfection.

Doesn't Like Gaiety

She allowed neither feelings, nor warmth, nor emotions, nor gaiety around her. Worldly Prudence, cold Logic, and slow Deliberation attended her wherever she went, whenever she spoke to man. She never slept, for she was firmly convinced that should she do so, the world of men would perish. Wasn't it obvious that she alone kept it in order? If she slept, Chaos, her sworn enemy, would take possession of the minds of men.

One day, unhurriedly, she was making her way to Jerusalem, in Palestine—a city she liked, for she was always received there with due respect. Obedience was given to her by the most important men who dwelled there. They followed her teachings almost to perfection, and with that unemotional coldness that she had begun to demand of her true disciples.

But this time Jerusalem was different. It was all stirred up. Its inhabitants were clustering around an

extraordinary Man. His mien was gentle and kind, yet He commanded respect at first sight! Reason paused, slightly annoyed at the change in her usual routine. With her paused Prudence, Logic, and Deliberation. The four sat down on the lovely parapet that bordered the Temple stairs, and prepared to listen to what the kingly Man in the humble dress of a Galilean had to say.

Unreasonable Indeed!

He was talking gently, clearly, so that all could understand. He spoke of the meek inheriting the earth! He told them that those who were poor in spirit were blessed! He had the merciful receiving mercy! One by one He was giving them beatitudes . . . and neither they nor He made any sense at all.

Reason shuddered at such seeming unreasonableness. Logic was struck dumb. Prudence was sorely afraid. Deliberation was in a dither.

The Man and the crowd moved on. Through the days that followed, Reason met Him and the people that followed Him, everywhere. In the city and out of it. He bothered her. He baffled her. He spoke as one in authority. Moreover it appeared to her that He was taking the mind of men away from her. That would never do. If they began to really live according to His teachings, things would be pretty unreasonable all round.

Something must be done. Definitely. She went to the Pharisees and Saducees, who always had been devoted to her, and listened to their ideas. They seemed "reasonable" enough. For they planned to put the Man to death before He had roused the whole of the people against them. This was both "reasonable and logical." Yet Reason was not satisfied. Something intangible was missing from their arguments, something important, which she could not fathom at the moment.

Reason Is Restless

Restlessly she went out into the night, for once unattended. She wandered through the streets aimlessly, until she came to a house where there still was light in the upper room. Up the stairs she went. Entering noiselessly, she sat down in a dark corner to watch the proceedings and to listen. There was the Man and His small band of twelve. She saw Him break bread, bless it, and give it to them. She

saw Him bless the wine. She heard Him give a NEW COMMANDMENT—"LOVE ONE ANOTHER." Even as He loved the Father and them!

LOVE! That sentimental, unreasonable, imprudent, illogical, emotional word she always had disliked so much! It sounded quite different, though, when He said it. Before her very eyes Love became immense. A light. A fire that, once kindled, would change and renew the face of the earth. It appeared to be greater than Reason herself.



Love Or Reason

But that was impossible! Was not Reason the greatest thing on earth? And under heaven?

She hurried away, and she was disturbed—a new sensation for her, who was ever in possession of all her faculties. She ran, forgetting she was royal. She fled through the sleeping countryside!

She did not come back to Jerusalem until a few days later. She paid little attention to her surroundings, and so was startled to hear the murmur of an advancing mob. She stood aside to let whoever was coming pass.

The first to come around the corner was the Man. Only He did not look at all majestic this time. He looked spent, wounded, dirty, and tired to the point of exhaustion. On His shoulder was an immense wooden Cross, the weight of which made Him stagger.

A woman was waiting for Him. When He saw her He stopped for a second or two. Their eyes met. The eyes of Mother and Son.

Reason fell asleep then and there. For She had beheld love. Utter, pure, and complete Love. A love that gave itself for others! A love that loved unto death!

Love and Reason

At that instant Reason understood that she had been created to lead man to LOVE, who was not something, but SOMEONE . . . GOD HIMSELF!

She understood too that

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Epistles of Apostles Saga of Lay Pioneers

Literature is full of stories of the pioneers—the pick and shovel men of California and the Klondike—the families in the covered wagons who went westward seeking land—and the missionaries who keep on breaking new trails into unknown territory in quest of souls.

But there must be room somewhere, for a sizable story of our three pioneer Staff Workers and their "trek by truck" from Combermere, Ontario, to Whitehorse, Yukon.

In A Covered Truck

They were not looking for gold, for they live, by their own preference, in holy poverty. They were in a covered truck, named Mickey, not a covered wagon. And they were going, not as consecrated nuns or devoted priests, but as simple lay missionaries willing to do anything they could to help their religious brothers and sisters in the fight against all the imps of darkness. Still they belong to the category of pioneers, since they are the first lay Catholic missionaries sent into the arctic northwest.

Someday the log they kept day by day—like mariners on a slow ship through strange seas—may make a book. But here we can furnish only glimpses of the adventure—excerpts taken from the letters of our trio, Miss Mamie Legris, Mr. Louis Stoeckle, and Mrs. Kathleen O'Herin.

Each day one of them wrote letters to us at Madonna House, putting the names of all three at the bottom.

It would be wonderful if we could record the names of all the people they met on their way across the continent, the donations they received, the blessings given them by priests and bishops, the supplies they had to send by rail because there was no room in the truck, the good things cooked for them, the numbers of those who came to hear them lecture. It would be even more wonderful if we could publish all their letters in full. But we can only pick out a paragraph here and there.

It Began With An Ave

The first letter, dated May 9, came from Barrie, Ont. This was the day after they left. Distance 196 miles.

"Started the Rosary at Gid Rose's. In the middle of the third decade Louie and Kathleen simultaneously started on the Hail Mary. So I had to settle the first dispute between my Yukon Staff Workers. It was Louie's 'Hail Mary.' We offered the Salva Regina in thanksgiving for our vocation. All along the way we dried our tears. We met Fr. Bill near Madawaska, honked the horn, and he stopped. The

three of us knelt on the white line on Highway No. 60 and received his blessing and good wishes."

"Stopped at local church for Mass but door was locked, so on to Cobalt, a mining town. Each day we start with prayers for travelers and Salve Regina while the car is moving on the highway, followed by Prime. We decided it was so nice to have three in the truck. It is our home and a very happy one. At regular intervals, three times a day, we say the Rosary, the Litany, our prayer of consecration as slaves of Mary, the pope's Marian year prayer, etc. We sing songs, and crack jokes. We have a lot of laughs. It was suggested that this is probably the first time in history that a cloistered cell was formed in the front seat of a truck—a cell for male and female.

Concerned About Mickey

"We had to get Mickey weighed for the highway officials. There are scales every so often he must pass over. He weighs 5800 lbs. Every time we come to a scale we say a Hail Mary that we may pass through. Louie and Kay have made a solution. Mamie must lose 1165 pounds; then we'll have no trouble with the inspectors.

"Louie suggests praying to the saint of each town as we enter. Nice. Said usual prayers. Mamie noticed gas tank was empty. We had filled it the night before. Someone must have siphoned 9½ gallons out of it. Said a Rosary for the thief, and bought a lock against other thieves.

"Fort William—When we got home for lunch Betty told us the bishop had been over to see us. Imagine! He left a cheque for \$25 and promised to come around again. This p.m. we addressed children at St. Stanislaus and St. Elizabeth's. Tonight Louie is addressing K. of C. Some women dropping in to talk to us. The road is rough, full of pot holes and we can't cover much more than 230 miles per day. We had four days of rain. Not much fun driving through monotonous clay belt, but we prayed, laughed, sang, and teased each other to pass the time.

Nice Luke Warm Gook

"Getting 'gook' on Louie's dad's flare lamp. Kay slipped in mud hole but Mamie rescued 'gook'—beef stew, huge lima beans plus cheese. And coffee. Cooked on a fire burning wet wood. All luke

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

The Precious Blood of Christ! What does it mean to us Catholics of the twentieth century? To us who are so used to both the sight of blood, and to the news that precedes and follows bloodshed?

Most of our adult population has been through two wars. Youth has been sucked and weaned on war, revolutions, upheavals, ruin and destruction. Blood in truth has covered the earth.

Perhaps this happened because we have forgotten Him who shed His Precious Blood so that we might live in peace and love with God and men.

Vainly we seek that peace without Him. It will not come. It cannot come. For He and He alone is the peace giver, the peace maker. But before He will give us this, His peace that surpasseth all understanding, and which no one can take away from us, we must turn our face toward God the Father. Then kneeling at the feet of the Son, we must be washed in the laver of His Precious Blood, and be made whole again. Then the Most Holy Three can come and dwell in our souls once more, and thus restore us, as temples of the Trinity, so that we in turn may start restoring all things to Them.

Strange, passably so, that Catholics still do not comprehend — or at least do not seem to — the infinite adorable power of the Precious Blood! The Confessional — the Sacrament of love and mercy of God, in which His Precious Blood descends to wash us clean and make us once again one with Him is, to most, but a place of fears. Our feet take us there reluctantly, because of that fear.

How many of us know about the "confession of devotion" which may be made daily, or at least a few times a week? Kneeling at the feet of the priest, we simply say that we have no grave matter to confess (alleluia) but have come to get the graces and the strength by this august Sacrament.

Above all those who are engaged in the Apostolate of Catholic Action should be the first to witness to the need of plunging ourselves into the burning mercy of God that surrounds us on all sides, but especially in the Sacrament of Penance and Love.

The Precious Blood of Christ — symbol of love! How much we need today a better understanding of the sublime doctrines that expound it.

Ours is a century of martyrs. We may be next!

What better preparation for the shedding of one's own blood have we than the devotion ever growing in caritas . . . to His!

Let us, this July, dedicate ourselves to It . . . begin to plumb Its infinite treasures.

Perhaps, if we do . . . instead of death and destruction — we shall have peace and life.



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Through fortunate — if involved — circumstances, two birds have come to share Madonna House with us. One is a parakeet, a lively fellow with a predominance of blue in his feathers, and a funny and cheerful cry. The other is a Hartz Mountain canary, whose voice is as golden as his color.

It was, of course, the canary, that made me remember Charley Erbstein — and so add him to the roster of those I have placed in the care of Mary Immaculate.

Calling All Murderers!

Charley was the best known criminal lawyer Chicago ever knew. Every dear lady who had rid herself of her cruel and despotic husband or boy friend went to Charley's office to seek his services as counsel for defense. And, so far as I remember, not one of those poor unfortunate murderesses ever was hanged for her girlish prank. Eventually all murderers tried to get Charley on their side — the poor as well as the rich. And it is surprising how many of the very poor he defended.

Everybody in Chicago talked about Charley. You could hear any kind of opinion about him. "He was a shyster!" "He was a trickster!" "He was a jury-fixer." "He would save your life, but he'd take everything you had for his fee, he'd even strip you of your shirt." "He didn't know any law; therefore he wasn't handicapped in his methods." "He was a crook, but he was always heart and soul for his client, and he nearly always won."

Some of his cases are legendary in Chicago. The common explanations given by the wise guys for his successes, though, do not add to Charley's reputation. For instance, the Luman C. Mann case.

If The Hat Fits

Mann was charged with murder. A hat with his initials in it, was found near the scene of the crime. A number of witnesses charged that Mann had worn that hat. Charley questioned them at length. The hat became an important piece of evidence. Then, when he felt the right time had come, Charley put the defendant on the stand and asked him to try the hat. Even a blind man could see it was four sizes too small! The jury laughed and brought in a verdict of acquittal.

Charley's enemies, it can well be understood, told extravagant stories about how this result was perpetrated. One even asserted that Charley must have bribed a bailiff to substitute a smaller hat for the one that had been in evidence.

He Frees A Canary

But it was the yellow singer that reminded me of Charley. He once won a murder trial with a canary that, for all I know, may have been the great great great grandfather of the bird singing now in our refectory.

It was a bitter cold morning, and the bird flew out of Charley's overcoat pocket as he came into court. It seemed quite accidental.

"It's my fault," Charley confessed to the annoyed judge and prosecution attorneys. "If your honor please, I'd like to explain. I was just coming past the mouth of the alley when I saw this beautiful little warbler in a cage. Evidently

it had fallen from a window in the Revere House, the theatrical hotel. I took it out of its cage because it looked almost frozen to death. I put it into my pocket to warm it. And — and there it is!"

Poor Little Song Bird!

The bird had been flying around the courtroom, over the heads of the spectators, the girl defendant, the jurors, and the newspapermen. And now, as Charley ended his explanation, a bailiff had taken up a long window-pole, and seemed bent on dislodging the little songster clawing at the top of one of the very high windows.

"Don't kill it," Charley said, turning to the bailiff. "It came here for warmth. This is a place of truth and justice. This is a haven for outcasts such as" —

Charley was suddenly screaming, "Don't kill it, don't kill it, don't kill it!"

The bailiff had manoeuvred the bird into a corner of the window. He jabbed the pole savagely into its body. It fell, as everybody watched — a pathetic heap of golden feathers.

Charley turned immediately to the jury. He was weeping. And his client was weeping.

"Here is another little songbird," Charley said to the twelve good men and true. "She too comes here for warmth, for justice at your hands. She too has been sadly used by the world. Are you going to crush the sweet life out of her as this brutal minion of the law has just done?"

With That Big 44

The girl, a nightclub singer, had shot her ever-loving sweetie through the heart. And she had no defense at all. But the jury set her free as soon as they could take their first ballot.

The wise guys, you know, said Charley had paid the bailiff \$20 to kill that bird in just that horrible way. Maybe they were wrong. So many wise guys are wrong.

But the reason I have put Charley under Our Lady's care has nothing to do with a canary or a hat. It is connected with his story of the Stations of the Cross, a story he loved to tell.

Charley had been indicted on the charge of bribing a juror; and one or two of his so-called best friends got up on the stand, during his trial, and testified against him. Charley called one witness to refute them. This was a Father Green, the pastor of a church on the South Side — St. Rita's, if I remember rightly.

Fr. Green testified that at the time Charley was supposed to have been seen with the juror at the junction of Milwaukee and Grant avenues and Halsted street, he was really in Father Green's rectory asking some questions about the Catholic Faith!

As In A Pulpit

Not even the most irreverent of the wise guys dared to deny that Fr. Green was telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But some intimated that Charley had turned the good priest's clock back an hour or so, so he could give Charley the alibi he would need if anything went wrong — if he, for example, should be seen by his so-called friends, giving money to that venal juror an hour or

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The B's Corner

At long last my dream came through. I had a whole week in which to rest and sleep!

It may appear passably strange to most people, that I dream about sleeping enough. But two things are truly a luxury of the first magnitude in the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. One is privacy. The other is sleep.

Privacy? What's That?

With being a bush-nurse, on call twenty-four hours, and with visitors coming at all hours, and hundreds of emergencies arising night and day, the director of any Friendship House knows well that she has to lay at our Lord's feet, first and foremost, her sleep.

It may be interrupted any moment. And usually is.

As to privacy, perish the thought. One truly forgets that most of the world does, at one time or another, enjoy the privacy of a room, and of some time that is uninterrupted and can be called one's own. But to a director, privacy usually is a dim memory of what used to be before she came to Friendship House, because naturally she is at the beck and call of the Staff, the Visiting Volunteers, the guests, and all those from the outside who may have need of her.

Birds Are Not Food

So you can imagine how wonderful my week of retreat and rest was to me.

We have been planting all May and June. The grounds of Madonna House grow and grow. Back of St. Martha's, we broke a new field. Last year it had buckwheat in it. That was plowed under, and manure and fertilizers applied. We are great believers in compost, the natural fertilizer. It truly makes things grow.

This year we have a hundred canes of raspberries, a hundred strawberry plants, a bag of potatoes, and lots of black and red currants planted there.

They will be such a help to us, for we expect the biggest Summer School attendance yet, people who will help us pick and preserve all these good fruits of the earth for future use.

Asparagus, beans, peas, radishes, lettuce, squash, corn, an apple orchard, some 200 hens, and five pigs—not counting a canary and a budgie—comprise our "farm land and stock."

But you will be surprised how much vegetables, fruit, meat, and eggs, can be obtained from all these — not including the budgie and the canary—and what help they are to the very minimum budget of our apostolate.

Our Wandering Three

The Yukonites, have reached Whitehorse safely — Alleluia. We could not even begin to tell you all of their adventures.

We had a most interesting visit from John Hendrick, of Holland, one of the Crusaders of St. John, a Secular Institute group that was started 35 years ago in Holland. They are lay people and their work is among boys and men. They have seven foundations. (John is on his way to Winnipeg, Man.). Theirs is a life of poverty, chastity and obedience in the Lay Apostolate, a life much like ours.

It was so good to have a fellow Lay Apostle stay with us. It always occurs to

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine

Now that we have "placed" Combermere geographically (see our June issue) we come to the next question that is asked almost as often as "Where is Combermere?" That is, "WHAT DO YOU DO THERE?"

Our instinctive answer would be — "ask us first WHAT WE ARE, for what we do flows from our way of life — which puts priority on BEING BEFORE GOD, AND ONLY THEN "DOING" FOR HIM."

To Do His Will

The Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, Friendship House style, demands first and foremost, a life that will express the love of God, His glorification, and one's personal sanctification.

A life of prayer and mortification, and the practice of the three evangelical Counsels of Perfection, (Poverty, Chastity, Obedience), coupled with a promise of stability to the Organization, are the foundations of that life of complete dedication to the apostolate. It is viewed as a vocation for life, which helps its members to begin the restoration of the world to Christ, by RESTORING THEMSELVES FIRST.

Since the foundation of this vocation is LOVE OF GOD, it naturally follows that this loving, this "BEING BEFORE THE LORD," will spill over into the love of neighbor, and thus into a life of service to him for CHRIST'S SAKE.

It is through Christ, by Christ, and for Christ alone, that such a life can be lived.

Love Of Neighbor

However time does not permit us often to go into so many details. But, the question being legitimate, and made in utter good will and friendly interest in our "works," it deserves an immediate answer. And since it is asked so frequently, we have decided to write this series of articles, to facilitate its answer.

Friendship House has two Provinces. One is in the U.S.A., where there are, at present, branches in New York City, Chicago, Washington, D.C., Portland, Ore., and Shreveport, La. Also there are two auxiliary farms, one in Burnley, Va., and one in Newburg, N.Y. A total of seven "houses"—all engaged in the works of Interracial Justice, specifically for the Negro, to which the whole apostolate of Friendship House, U.S.A. Province, is dedicated.

The Canadian Province, founded in May, 1947, with Madonna House, Combermere, as its first branch, and Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, as its second, embraces a much wider Social Apostolate. It stands ready to answer the call of Ordinaries of any given Diocese, to work in many phases of Catholic Action. Among these are the rural apostolate, missionary work, labor in general, youth, information centers, catechetical centers, etc. In fact, it is ready to undertake most of the apostolates dealing with the "masses," for which it trains seriously over a period of many years.

It Is The Nursery

Madonna House has a many-fold approach to its apostolate. First, it is the "motherhouse and training center" for all the Staff who go out to other branches. Second, it is dedicated to the

Rural Apostolate of Catholic Action. Third, it serves as a teaching center during the year, but especially in the Summer, through its SUMMER SCHOOL OF CATHOLIC ACTION, to youth, who come from many States of the Union, many Provinces of Canada, and often from abroad.

Let us review these "services" or "works" in greater detail:-

MADONNA HOUSE CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY BY MAIL.

This library, composed of adult and children's sections, numbers over 9,000 books and offers a unique service to Canadians, especially those living in distant rural and northern-frontier parts.

Anyone living in Canada may subscribe to it for \$1.00 a year. For this sum the subscriber may take out four books at a time, and exchange them whenever he wishes. This low subscription price is further enhanced by the fact that the Canadian Postal Authorities grant libraries like ours, which is, of course, utterly non-profit, educational, and religious, a free mailing franchise that enables the subscriber to mail the books back from any part of Canada to us—FREE OF POSTAL CHARGES.

To schools in our own diocese of Pembroke — which is mostly rural — as well as to distant frontier areas — we offer the additional service of mailing twenty books at once, for school reading, which may be exchanged one by one, or all together, as the teacher sees fit. The price for that service is also only ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The library is free to anyone living in the neighborhood. Many children and adults here avail themselves of this privilege. Our subscribers through Canada number around 500, and their list is still growing. We are the ONLY such library in the whole country. We—but I'll tell you more next month.

Our Stand on Mary and the Mercy of Her Son

By Catherine Doherty

From time to time, we receive from our readers letters that make us re-examine our consciences. Such a letter reached our desk last week. It seems to us so vitally important that we would like to answer it in print. Because in these days of growing awareness of their apostolicity, the laity are looking for ways and means of practicing it... and the paths that have to be made in the dense forests of the world are often zig-zagging — so much so that at times one may get lost himself, even while "making straight the paths of the Lord."

This Is The Letter

"We are becoming increasingly disturbed, with every new issue of Restoration, over the divergence between the person and the ideas of Catherine Doherty, as we know her from her work, her life, and her writings on the one hand, and the unctuous sentimental drift into which the writings in

Restoration seems to descend on the other. Do you consider this "pseudo-mystique" a workable substitute for a true living lay spirituality based on the Scriptures? Surely the work of the Lay Apostolate is too desperately urgent for the few who take it seriously, to indulge in such doubtful idiosyncrasies as describing themselves as "slaves of Mary" and spreading the dubious private revelations of a Polish Nun (sister Faustina of the Order of Mercy Sisters in Poland).... Reading your paper, we no longer hear the powerful voice of Christ, speaking through His Church militant, but the private aberrations of well-meaning Catholics unsufficiently nourished by the word of His Gospel."—W. U.

Anyone reading this powerful paragraph, would be compelled to think deeply. Its criticism is strong, though charitable and constructive. Yet it is quite typical of the strange confusion that often reigns in the ranks of the most intelligent laity which is so vitally interested in restoring the world to Christ, as well they should be.

The first object that presents itself and demands an answer is the accusation of pseudo-mysticism, one of the most dangerous spiritual pitfalls, which easily may lead souls to perdition, and one that could not, should not, be tolerated in any Catholic publication whatsoever.

We Are Censored

To guard against just such a contingency, and to be sure, dead sure, that nothing in our little paper, Restoration, remotely savors of this, and also to be absolutely sure that all we write is in accord with FAITH AND MORALS... it has been the rule—never deviated from by ANY FRIENDSHIP HOUSE PUBLICATION ANYWHERE—to secure an officially-appointed censor. A priest. Appointed by the Ordinary of the Diocese in which that newspaper is published.

Every word therefore in that paper reaching the public, has been duly censored. By the very fact that it is published, it is, therefore, free of any offenses against Faith and Morals. Pseudo-mysticism therefore could not even have a look-in. It would be blotted out by our vigilant priestly censor.

Moreover, if there is one group of people opposed to pseudo-mysticism it is that in FRIENDSHIP HOUSE. From the very first day, myself, as the foundress, and then generations of directors and staff workers, have been watchful and careful to squash the first signs of anything savoring of pseudo-mysticism, for we are aware, that it can ruin in a few weeks the works of years.

Strange Characters!

Also we know that the very newness of the Lay Apostolic movements attracts to them all kinds of strange characters, so well described in a recent book, the APOSTOLIC ITCH. While dealing with all kinds of people in the charity of Christ, our duty to the common good demands constant vigilance on that score, and a weeding-out of anyone who errs along these dangerous lines.

Our main protection against all such spiritual dangers is very simple. We come to a Diocese by invita-

tion of its Ordinary. He appoints, officially, a chaplain to our group, whose duty is, among others, to be watchful about such things. Most of our members have a personal spiritual director. A long and thorough spiritual training of some five years lays a solid foundation of faith and a true spirituality, and eliminates anyone not willing to accept same.

So much for pseudo-mysticism. We come now to the question of the True Devotion of St. Louis de Montfort, a canonized saint of the Church, who gave us the Slavery of Mary — or total consecration to Her.

We Sure Are Slaves

There most assuredly is nothing doubtful about either True Devotion to Mary, or the act of slavery to her. IT HAS THE FULL APPROVAL OF THE CHURCH. Because of it, and the heroic degree of virtue and sanctity reached by its promoter, Louis de Montfort (reached incidentally by the practice of it) he became a saint. He fathered two Religious Orders that have for their foundation just that — TRUE DEVOTION. They are the Montfort Fathers and the Daughters of Wisdom. There is a veritable army of "slaves of Mary" throughout the world. We are proud of belonging to it, and to Her. And I stand personally ready to challenge the whole world, and not only one person in it, to tell me — and prove it — that being a slave of the "Woman clothed with the Sun... and the Moon under Her feet... the Woman more terrible than an army arrayed in battle"... is a sentimental affair!

Yes Sir, Proud Slaves

There is nothing sentimental about the Lily of Israel. Nothing mushy, or pseudo-mystic about the woman-girl who said FIAT to God... and made our Redemption possible by saying it! There is nothing weak... or emotionally sentimental either... in Mary Queen of Sorrows. Gladly do I state publicly... that whatever Friendship House has been... done... achieved... completed... restored... or healed... it has been achieved through Mary. With her help, under her directions.

WHO SEEKS JESUS WITHOUT MARY, SEEKS HIM IN VAIN.

Humbly I beg our correspondent to behold the fruits of the Friendship House apostolate. Look over its twenty-four years of existence. Examine its nine foundations... the last of which is in the desolate Arctic regions of Northern Canada.

All Mary's Work

Speaking for myself, since it is to me that the letter is addressed... I declare that whatever fruits Friendship House has produced... they are of Mary's planting... and watering.

The Woman born without stain of original Sin... the Immaculate who was Assumed up to Heaven... the Woman whom God has chosen for His Mother... and through whose strong and holy hands all His graces come to us... the Mediatrix of them all... she it is who gave my trembling soul courage... to become pregnant with Her Son too. She it is who stood by me when I gave Him birth in fear and trembling. She it is who showed me how to stand still and die to self... allowing Him to grow in me... I hope,

some day, to His full stature, so that I too with St. Paul may whisper with my dying breath... "I LIVE NOW NOT I, BUT CHRIST LIVETH IN ME."

My Lord, my God, came to me through Mary of Nazareth. She is the Gate... to Him. He is the Way to the Father... Whose Bosom is the beatific Vision I hope some day to rest in.

Yes, I am — we each are — a slave of Mary. And because all that we are, and all that we have, are hers, to do with as she pleases, Friendship House marches on... in the service of Her Son... whose will is Hers always.

This slavery of ours is one of love, freely entered into, joyously cherished, based on pure theology, approved by the Church and its Representatives, the Popes.

We Are Mary's

Courage and virility, love and zeal, come to us from the hands that rocked the Giver of all these virtues. There is nothing doubtful about TRUE DEVOTION. To reread the prophet Isaiah, and to meditate on St. Luke's Gospel is to understand that essence of the Scriptures... which stands on two women... Eve, who lost us Paradise and Mary, who, by her fiat, contributed to our re-entry into it.

Caritas, love, like God must be all things to all men. In the Apostolate of love — which all God's apostolates are, or should be, a variety of approaches is used. One of such varieties was our article on Sister Faustina.

Why shouldn't we tell of the Mercy of God, as He chose to reveal it to an humble and holy Nun — whose cause is introduced at Rome? Anyone interested in the canonical statutes of the whole question may write to the Marian Fathers, Stockbridge, Mass., and secure from them the Winter-Spring issue of the Marian Helper (1954), wherein said statutes are all clarified.

What? No Revelations?

Many there are, of course, who say: "WE HAVE THE SCRIPTURES—WE DO NOT NEED PRIVATE REVELATION." But it would seem to us, that if Jesus and Mary deem it necessary to appear, and SO OFTEN they have appeared in our generation, there must be a reason for it. And a great need for it. Lourdes... La Salette... Fatima... Sister Margaret Mary and the Sacred Heart! There are many witnesses to the fact that God and His mother still from time to time wish to speak directly to the world.

Sister Faustina's message has all the proper permissions and imprimaturs. Humbly we pass it on... for the consolation and help of many little ones of Christ, among whom we number ourselves.

Though our apostolate lives and has its roots in the liturgy, and the Gospels are our meditation... in all love and simplicity, we shall never hesitate to bring the gracious tokens of God's love and mercy to this soul, or that, before our readers... provided the stories are bona fide and approved by Ecclesiastical Authorities. None other will ever find its way unto our pages.

Dear W. U., the voice of Christ, we hope, will always be heard — in the pages of our publications... and in our hearts and lives. But Christ speaks with many voices. He is smiling and

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OUR STAND ON MARY

(Continued from Page Three)

gentle with little children. Full of anger and authority against the defilers of His temple. Soft and forgiving with sinners. Lashing and loud against Pharisees.

Would you begrudge our trying to bring out all the accents of His beloved voice?

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

so later. Then, some added, after his bit of bribery he must have hurried back to St. Rita's to give the clock back its right time!

At any rate, Father Green's testimony exonerated Charley. He was enthusiastically acquitted.

"So," he used to tell his friends, "I wanted to do something for the priest. I asked him what he needed. St. Rita's hadn't been completed, but it had everything. Then Father remembered the Stations of the Cross had not been fully paid for. He said I could donate one, if I wanted to. And, you bet your life, I did want to."

The Tenth Station

"So if you go down to St. Rita's any day now you can see that Station, with my name underneath it, 'Jesus Stripped of His Garments, by Charles E. Erbstein!'"

I always thought Charley too smart to hand over money to a juror, especially where witnesses could see him. I may be wrong. It doesn't matter now. Charley died many years ago. And he died a Catholic.

Charley is not the first friend I have placed in Our Lady's keeping. I have given many into her charge, the living and the dead. She knows whether or not Charley was a mountebank, a shyster, an extortioner, a crook, a suborner of perjury, or an honest lawyer.

She knows also that, whatever his faults might have been, he had a genuine pity for all the unfortunate — the sort of people for whom Christ died — and that he did save the innocent as well as the guilty from the power of the mercilessly upright and grim disciples of stern justice. She will take good care of him.

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

me that we should visit one another more often. As yet there are so few of us in the North American Continent that we should be learning more and more about each other through personal contacts. But I guess we are all pretty busy, what with the growth of new foundations and such.

Two Shiny New Ones

This month two of our Staff Worker Applicants will be taking their promises of stability, and becoming full-fledged Staff Workers. That will bring our Canadian group up to eighteen. In

September — our acceptance months are September and April officially — we expect some four more. God is most good to us. And so is our Lady.

In about another year, two of our number will be ready to branch out. It takes some four years to train a director of a Friendship House branch. Usually, when that has been accomplished, Our Lady brings us an invitation from some Ordinary of a Diocese. Wonder where the third Canadian Friendship House branch will open!

Anyone interested in the vocation to the Lay Apostolate, Friendship House style, anyone single, man or woman, between the ages of 19 and 35, is most welcome to write to me at Madonna House for information.

EPISTLES OF APOSTLES

(Continued from Page One)

warm. And was it good! Just passed a sign "Watch for Moose." Louie thinks he sees him.

"Met three little Indian girls. Gave each a picture of Our Lady, originally given to Kay by Dick. Thank you, Dick. Three tired, dirty, Lay Apostles thanked Our Lady for a clean room, hot water for a bath, and Mickey in a nice safe place for the night. Met red-headed French-Irish priest. He had \$6. He gave us \$5, slipped Louie two packs of cigs and a pipeful of tobacco. He advised us to be extra careful on Alcan Highway as 'they'll steal anything, and would break glass to get anything in front seat.' Gas 48c.

"We have a beautiful radio and record-player donated. It was played last evening, and is it ultra! Cash donations pour on us, and groceries. Said Rosary in our cell, moving at 20 m.p.h. and thought of our Madonna House family. At 10.45 a.m. we enter Manitoba. Mickey looks like a mouse in the lion's den in comparison with all the huge American trucks on the road, and we get quite a kidding from other truck drivers. This trip is a lesson in humility to all of us and a thanksgiving. Gosh, what did we ever do to be able to be a part of it?

Even A Menu Yet!

"Winnipeg, May 19 — Mickey got his first "caution" ticket for parking overnight on the street. Listen to this, you soup-eaters — our menu last night with friends. Steak. Mushrooms. Ice cream and strawberries. (What, no bread and butter, no hash-browned spuds, no salad, no veg., no cheese, no pie, no imported wines? Envious Ed.) Given four boxes of assorted groceries, medical supplies, and one case of chicken haddie. Tomorrow promises to be hectic. Have to sort and re-pack 3,000 lbs of cargo to be freighted to Edmonton. Louie lonesome for boys at M.H. Spent day with about 400 females. At

least it seemed to him some "astronomical figure." Keep the faith.

"St. James' parish women have adopted the 'Yukon Missionaries' as their project. Two other groups likewise. Joined the order of T.M.I. on way north. Tramps of Mary Immaculate. At St. John's, priest spoke on Lay Apostolate and asked for alms. Louie tried to convince some Irishmen that the Blarney Stone was stolen from Germany!

Love, Faith, Peace

"Kenora, Sunday a.m. — Bishop gave us his blessing, wished us blessings all along the way, and told us his motto: Caritas cum fide. We showed him our Pax-Caritas crosses and he was most pleased. St. Joseph sisters and local women sent us jam, soap, linen, and towels. Mickey getting rather swell-headed with all the attention he attracts. Louie puts him in his place on these rough roads. Now over 6,000 lbs. Taking out new license permitting that weight. Mamie — we call her Mama — blowing the horn. We asked what for. She said "flies."

"The hand of Our Lady in our travels is almost palpable. She must think we need an extra push from behind to get where we belong. Many experiences we do not record in our log, nor write in these letters — but we keep them, like Mary, in our hearts. They are of a delicate nature. So much is being asked of us, and we cannot give what we have not! . . . The Oblates are Catholic Action-minded, and that is an understatement. . . . We can't continue with our present load, so we are unloading it and shipping most of it to Edmonton.

A Room, Not A Cell

"Gravelbourg, May 27 — Tonight Louie shares a room with a "Mountie." Roads are gumbo. Louie trying to get a hair-cut. If not, will be wearing braids soon . . . Gumbo . . . gumbo . . . He gave us a crisp \$50 bill . . . gumbo . . . Hooked a trailer onto his diesel caterpillar and took us through the gumbo to Mickey. We have a picture of same . . . Sisters cleaned gumbo off our boots . . . on to Regina.

"Drinkwater, Sask., May 29 — Told the nuns about our work . . . some sitting there with tears in their eyes . . . midnight tea . . . bishop gave us his blessing and a donation . . . raining since we arrived in Saskatchewan a week ago. Gumbo worst ever encountered . . . have sent over \$1200 to Yukon by draft . . . shipped 350 lbs of donations from Gravelbourg. A Chrysler dealer has agreed to overhaul Mickey first thing in the morning . . . a free job.

"Edmonton, Alta., June 2 — Packed and repacked Mickey and shipped 390 lbs to Edmonton . . . wonderfully hospitable . . . worst spring

since 1903 . . . treat us as if we were starving and on verge of physical exhaustion. Girl asked us if we were friends of 'Tumbling Weed' . . . Mickey in priest's barn. He is getting snooty under his caked mud . . . Mickey had his first blow-out . . . a torn tube.

Poor Poor Louis

"Louie got to work under truck and got a bruised eye . . . now supporting a red and black eye-lid. People look suspiciously at Mamie and Kay after seeing that eye. He eats up all the sympathy. Mamie and Kay 'offer it up.' Many people stop to help with new tire . . . real western hospitality.

"Father offered us his ciborium, one from which he received his first holy Communion, in England. Will mail it to Yukon . . . clothing and supplies . . . special blessing, nearest we'll ever get to the pope's blessing . . . ham and eggs at rectory . . . hard rain storm, then sun shone brightly for first time in days . . . lunch by side of road.

"Got lost in Edmonton. Picked up 61 boxes plus numerous trunks we had shipped . . . arranging to get all this stuff to Whitehorse. Met archbishop in hospital . . . three scared TMI's! Is he keen! Asked us to speak to all school children in diocese. Thirty schools! Told him, with sorrow, how impossible just now . . . gave us his blessing . . . Thanks for your letters . . . how lonely without you and the prayers of our loved ones . . . we beg for prayers . . . Archbishop says every priest in diocese is to announce next Sunday from pulpit . . . our needs!

"Edmonton, June 4 — Cold and cloudy. Hear roads very bad until we hit Alcan. . . . Whitehorse, here we come!

REASON FELL ASLEEP

(Continued from Page One)

the Man who baffled her was THE SON OF GOD. And she knew herself to be His servant, His tool to be used to bring men to love Him. She realized from then on she would have to fall asleep at times, and let Love take men's souls through the darkness of faith . . . the cloud of "unknowing," where He dwelled in such a special way. For Love reigned supreme there, and had no need of her!

Ever since that moment, Reason, when she has brought a soul to the gates of Love, the Love that is above Reason, curls up and goes happily to sleep and wakes renewed and keen. She is content now to be Man's servant, not his god. She has matured.

OUR "THANK YOU" MASS

Each month a Mass is said in our Chapel of The Immaculate Conception for all the benefactors of Madonna House, and of its chapel.

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13th Station Of The Cross

By Catherine

The sky
Was red
With weeping.
The clouds
Were dark
With mourning . . .
Men, women, and
Children
Came and went.
They passed
The gibbet—
Where Love
Hung dead,
Intent
On this and that—
Scarcely glancing
Up.

They came
Slowly,
Half bent,
As men are
Who are spent
In work or grief.

Their movements
Were so slow—
They seemed
To throw
Strange shadows
On the breathless
Earth,
Each mirrored
In the reflection
Of the sky—
Blood red!

Each was
Partly covered
By
The black shadows
Of the mourning clouds.
They slowly
Took Him
Down—off the Cross—
And laid
Him on
A white and spotless
Sheet.

The Cross
Stood there
Naked,
Holy,
And glowed
As rubies
Do—
For the sky
Dressed it—
In all the
Hues
Of red it
Had to give.

And He
Who was Life,
Lay dead
Beneath
Its red.

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